pating that the Cape to Cairo railway would come that way. But it went instead straight north to Ndola. In many ways he seemed eccentric. He professed to be religious and to pray with his family to God; but he seemed never to mention Jesus the Christ at all.

In the early days he taught me much of how to travel, of hunting and taking care of myself. On one of his periodic visits to Kafulafuta he saw me walking barefoot. "Clem," he said, "you are trying that twenty years too late, you'll never develop hard enough soles to your feet now." He did not know that it was because my boots were worn out and I hadn't the wherewithal to replace them. Fortunately it was the rainy season and the paths were soft. I had walked the previous day, Sunday, twenty-four miles barefoot to preach in a series of villages.

The last time I saw Chirupula was in 1950 when accompanied by my daughter Eunice, we went with the Evangelist Ivor Powell and Mrs Powell up from Johannesburg to the Copper Belt. We decided to visit that sacred spot, Chitambo, where Livingstone died. Our road passed Chiwefwe, and I persuaded my companions, on our return journey from that never to be forgotten visit to the monument erected to Africa's greatest Missionary Explorer, to call on Chirupula. We turned off the road and went along a very over-grown track which led to a weird three-storey building. I asked the others to wait in the car while I went to the door. I had not seen Chirupula since I retired from the Mission thirty years before.

The front door was open but inside was a screen with a big picture of General Smuts on it – so I knew this was the place: Chirupula had once met Smuts and was a great admirer of him.

In Lala and Lamba fashion I did not knock, but stood outside and shouted loudly:

Naisa! (I have come!)

There was movement within, and round the screen came the unforgettable figure of Chirupula. He stared at me for a moment, then he said:

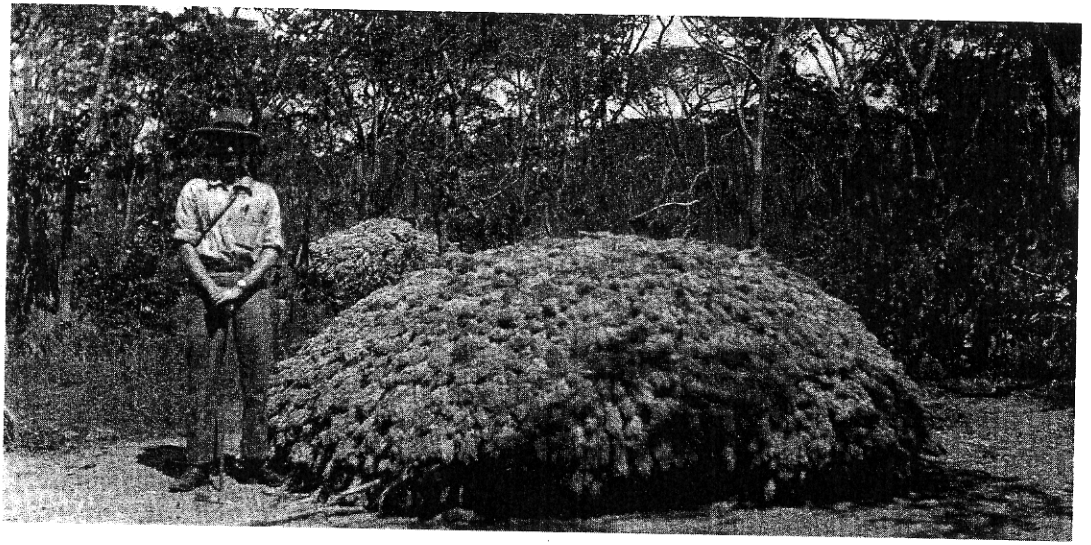
"Do my eyes see right?
Or are they deceiving me?
Keep still a moment
Even I, Chirupula must be sure!"

He looked an old man; he was in his late seventies; but his mind was as sharp as I had ever known it to be. He insisted that we all come in, and climb upstairs to what he called his study – really a long glassed-in verandah – to have tea and a talk: and didn't he talk! He wanted us to stay the night, but our schedule forbade this. It was when he said goodbye at the car, that he drew me aside and said he wanted to give me some good

advice: "Clem, you should become a Freemason; your family would be looked after when you are gone!" Those were the last words I heard from this strange man.

But now *revenons à nos moutons.* We go back to Monday, October 25. We left Chiwefwe early, had a second service at Mukelebwe, which sixty-one people attended, and went on to Nakusesala and made our camp there, having had an easy day covering sixteen and a half miles. The evening service was well attended, a hundred and two adults being counted. The next day, Tuesday, October 26, was one I shall never forget. After having another service at Nakusesala with eighty villagers, we made tracks for the road which Chirupula was making towards the north east. Owing to his having killed a hippo, the delay had prevented his moving camp to the place at which we had agreed to meet. It was a burning hot day, and we had a march of seventeen miles more than I had expected that Tuesday. We were cutting across through uninhabited bush to strike the road at a certain place, and when we got there, there was no sign of camp or men; and we did not know how far Chirupula and his men were. None of my men knew the part of the country we were now in. We had just to keep doggedly walking along the track in a westward direction in terrible heat. To make matters worse for the last five hours we could get no water; my men, in fact were so thirsty that they stripped down bark to suck, and I was forced to attack a tin of jam to get some moisture – I was told afterwards that that was the worst thing I could have done! How we stumbled on I do not know, but the sun was getting lower in the west, when we heard voices, and lo, from just ahead of us came two men, one with a bucket of water, and the other with a tray on which were coffee brewed and food all ready to eat. And weren't they welcomed! They led us on with empty trays and empty bucket: we were about a mile from camp when the two black angels, sent out to look for us, rescued us. We had walked that day a total of twenty-six miles under such difficult conditions of heat, thirst and weariness! Chirupula had everything prepared for what he called a proper meal; and *insbima* (stiff porridge) was ready for my carriers.

It may be imagined that when we arrived in camp we were not feeling very fit for a service; but when we are weakest, God can best use us, and I rejoice to record that two of Chirupula's *Kapitaus* (foreman) gave their hearts to the Lord that night. Both said they had never heard the Word before. Our long tramp in the hot sun was a thousandfold rewarded. We called this place Fulwe Camp, for the Fulwe (Tortoise) Stream ran nearby. Chirupula was true to his promise to have a hundred in my con-



W.H. Doke with stand of sorghum

gregation – we counted a hundred and eleven.

From Fulwe Camp our course lay through the village of Chitina, the MaSwaka paramount chief, where sixty gathered for the evening service. Leaving Chitina on Thursday, October 28th, we travelled north towards the Belgian Congo border for twenty-five miles, having services at Kalutwa, Ntambamalo, Mondwa and Lukunka, where eighty-five people gathered in the evening, and almost as many again at the early morning service. On the 29th we travelled five and a half miles to Chitakata preaching there and also at an intermediate village called Lipenshyo, the total number of people hearing the word that day being a hundred and eighty-two. From Chitakata it was seventeen miles to Nkambo, a village almost on the international border. Here we camped over Sunday. On the Saturday morning sixty-one came to the service, and on the Sunday morning sixty. I went into the gardens there and called together five people who were working there on their plots to give them the message.

It gave me a real thrill to climb up the hill to where there was a boundary beacon and to walk round and stand in the Belgian Congo. What thoughts and emotions surged up! This was the first time I had put foot on the soil of the great land to which my Father's brother had gone nearly thirty-three years before, and laid down his life as a missionary at the Congo mouth,[13] fifteen hundred miles away as the crow flies from where I was standing, almost at the foot of the Southern Katanga district of Belgian Congo.

Then I experienced another thrill. Below me a few hundred yards on the Northern Rhodesian side of the boundary hill was a *mushitu*, a grove of thick, tall trees growing where water wells

up or stands as a swamp. I went down to look at it closely. This was the source of the Kafulafuta River. I had aimed, on this journey, to trace our river back upstream, but had been turned away from it.[14] What a beautiful sight! In amongst the trees was a pool of crystal pure water from which ran a foot-wide stream, to be joined a little further on by another little stream. It was fascinating to see the little stream grow in size and in swiftness, preparing to run on to Kufulafuta Siding to water the railway engines, and then to continue with tributaries joining it until at our Mission Station it was joined by the Kafuwu coming down from beyond Ndola, and the two together, still called the Kafulafuta, carrying on the thirteen miles to join the Lufuwu (or Kafue), the biggest tributary of the Great Zambesi River!

I feel I must interfere with this account of my experiences at Nkambo to describe what happened when I was travelling with a missionary friend and companion, Mr R. German, itinerating northwards from Kafulafuta. After travelling about a hundred and fifty miles, we crossed into Congo territory at the railway station of Tshinsenda on May 4th 1916, almost six months since I had first put my foot on Congo soil. The Station Master had great news for us, the great Lusitania had been sunk by U-boats, and Revolution had broken out in Dublin. He was excited. We carried no passports , no identification cards – those were the days! He asked no questions. In that border region the railway line ran inside the Congo territory on the very top of the long range of low hills which constituted the boundary. People said that when it rained, what ran off the carriages on the left side of the train going to Elisabethville found its way into the Kafue and the Zambesi, and ultimately into the Indian Ocean; while that which ran off on the other side, found its way into the Lualaba and the Congo (Zaire), and ultimately into the Atlantic Ocean. Just a few hundred yards before reaching Tshinsanda we saw a spring of clear water starting its journey to the Kafue; and after our chat with the station master, we went on in the Belgian territory less than half a mile when we saw a similar spring and clear pool of water, as I had seen six months before when I recognised the beginning of the Kafulafuta River.

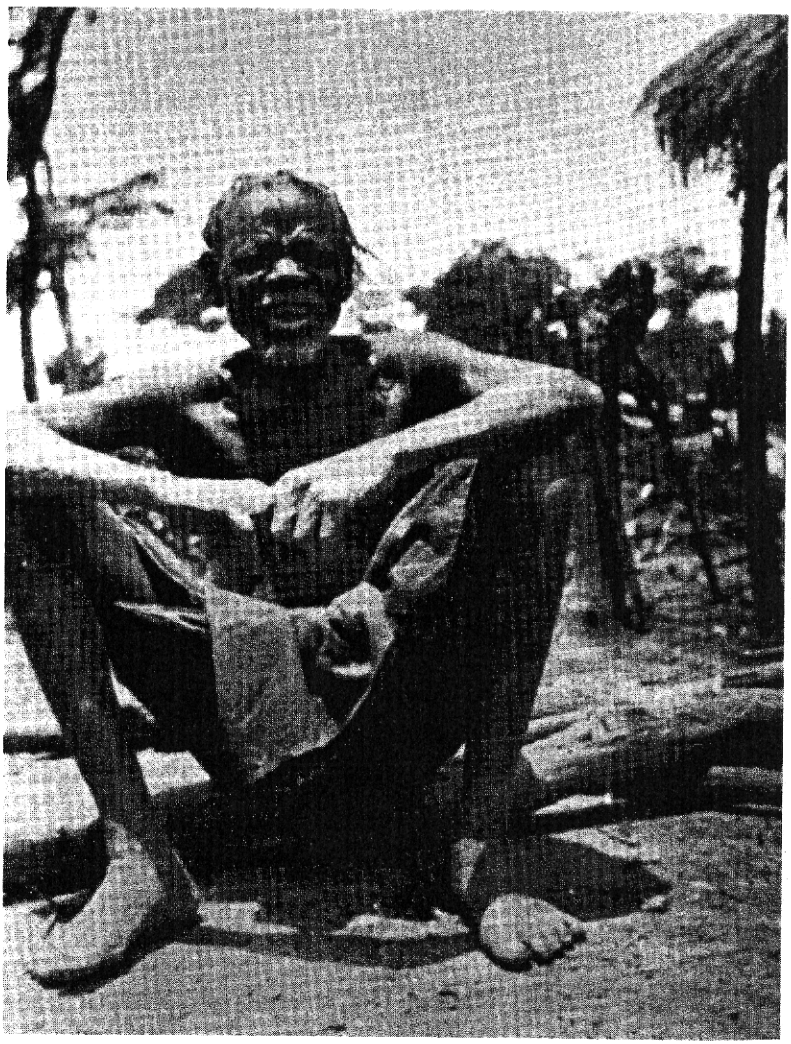
We rested here, and had a meal. I spent some time writing to my Grandmother in Bournmouth; and with much feeling I told her that if I threw a piece of paper into the stream in from of me, it could be carried on the the Luapula River, some sixty miles away to the East, then for hundreds of miles northwards to the Congo River, and after that more than two thousand miles along to the Congo mouth, and past my Uncle Willie's grave at Matadi.

We still had fifty-four miles to go to get back home to the Mission, but we were soon in country we knew, and among people who knew us. We visited Mr Morris's farm where seventy-eight people gathered at service, people who had come from various distant places for work. Mr Morris was known as Kamwefu, "small beard"; he was a man respected by the Native people, and very friendly to our Mission. Masombwe, Ntonke and Kawalu were the last villages we preached at, before we reached Kafulafuta Mission after a sixteen-mile tramp on Wednesday morning November 3rd.

On this journey we had covered four hundred and twenty miles in the four and a half weeks. Eighty-one services were held with total attendances of 3,957 at fifty-six villages, of which fourteen were Lamba and forty-two MaSwaka. Of the latter, eighteen had never heard the Word before. Seven villages were in the Mukushi District, the remainder were in the Ndola District. We had the joy of witnessing twelve decisions for Jesus Christ, all of these being MaSwaka but one, who was one of my carriers who came from a village a day's journey to the north of our Station.[15]

Chapter 6

THROUGH A LAND OF STREAMS

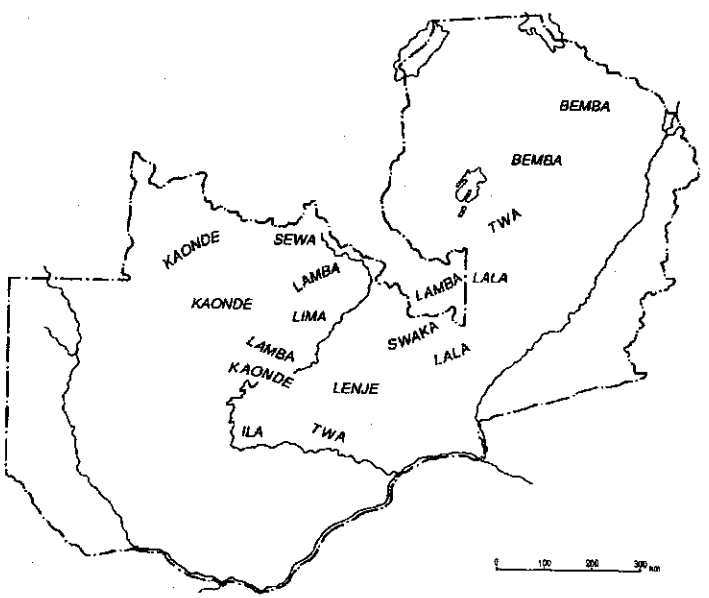


Chief Katanga, chief of the Kafulafuta who first provided the Baptist missionaries with a hut on the site of the future Kafulafuta Mission.

Away to the north-west of Kafulafuta lies a large tract of Lamba country, sparsely populated, a country of large distances. Across this stretch of country, away beyond the Lunga River, lies the Kaonde Country, and the station of our nearest neighbours at Chisalala.

I had often thought of taking a tour in that direction, but it was real tsetse country to be crossed, and to make it worse it had been marked out as being a sleeping sickness area. I could only go into it with a permit from the Magistrate at Ndola. So, during a short break in mid-June 1916 I made the trip to see the Magistrate. He gave me the permission, but warned me I must observe the following conditions: wear long trousers tucked into my boots, wear a long-sleeved shirt closed at the neck, wear a helmet with a gauze veil over my face and tucked into my shirt back and front – he did not mention gloves. But he added have a zebra-tail fly-switch to keep the tsetse on the move. I must confess that I remembered the last item, but forgot about all the others, except my khaki helmet.

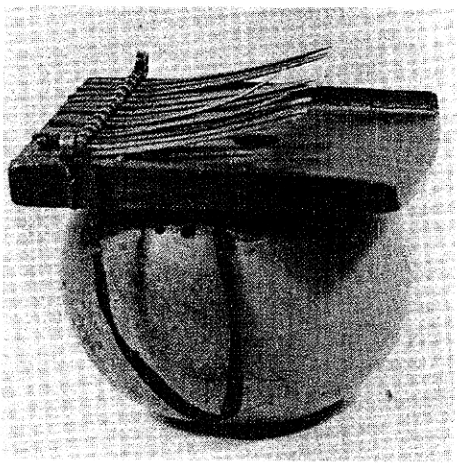
In making my final preparations, I found that my only pair of boots needed a major operation to hold the soles and uppers together. I could no longer clump them, as I had already done several times; so I though of a plan to use hoop-iron. One piece of hoop-iron I put across the top of the boot, bending the two ends over and screwing them into the sole that had come apart. A second piece of iron I hooked over the middle of the first, then at right angles, bent it over the toes and screwed the end of



Map of ethnic groups mentioned in the text

it into the centre of the sole underneath. To my amazement it worked, and I could walk without much discomfort.

Towards the end of September, Kafulafuta is quiet; the boys are away for their holidays, and the opportunity for an itineration presents itself. And so, on the 26th, I started out with nine carriers, three of them but little youngsters keen to carry something, to help in the singing at the village services, and to see the outside world beyond the confines of Lambaland. Three were village men, experienced carriers, one of whom was an ex-scholar of the school. Then there was the school monitor, Katandika, a tall strongly-built lad, not a Lamba, but a member of the Chikunda tribe, whose elders had settled in Lambaland after one of their raiding and trading expeditions from Zumbo on the middle Zambesi. Another was Kampokolwe, a young teacher belonging to the same tribe as Katandika. Then there was Musongo, an earnest member of the enquirers' class, a Lamba of the Lambas, and an accomplished musician on the *akalimba,* that little hand piano which men love to play as they walk leisurely along the path, arrayed in their Sunday best. They cannot play it while carrying a load, for it is held in both hands, and the metal notes are twanged by the two thumbs.



Akalimba, a small hand-piano usually consisting of thirteen iron slips fixed over a carved wooden sounding board, which is attached to a small calabash resonator.

We started late in the afternoon, and camped at a village but seven miles out. Our teachers often hold services here, and the Word is by no means strange; the little gathering listened attentively that evening, and at the close of the service two lads came to me in the tent to say that they wanted to "change their hearts". But they realised so little of the real meaning of surrender to Jesus, that, after a talk and prayer, I told them to come and see us at the station on my return, if they were really in earnest.

The next day we reached the Lufuwu (Kafue) River, which at this place is wide and shallow, and we forded it. The scenery here is magnificent. A dense growth of trees overhangs both banks, and the rocky Mupata Hills loom up in the background. The day following we re-crossed this river at another ford, and after passing herds of puku and impala, reached the village of Nkonshi. I shall long remember the service we held at this village. About fifty adults were present, including several well-known to us at the station. When the people had gone away, two of my carriers, village men, came and said, "We want to give ourselves over entirely to God." Their earnestness was an inspi-

ration and afterwards several times during the tour those two came to my tent for word and prayer.

The Lufuwu River still lay before us to be crossed, and its next passage was not quite so simple. One of the two boats which ferried us over a deep pool was top heavy and upset one of my food boxes into the water. Fortunately Chisulo caught it and held it in tow till the bank was reached, and so nothing was damaged. When we reached the village of the chief Nkana, the old man begged medicine for his wife who was ill with fever. She was lying in a smoky hut, evidently in great pain, while a chubby baby worried her incessantly. I gave her some quinine, and the Lord gave her strength to come to the service the next morning. Her husband was very grateful.

Katanga in a new blanket

Soon after leaving Nkana's village we noted quite a number of trial holes dug by prospectors in the hill side. On the other side of the Congo boundary there was a number of copper mines, that of Lubumbashi being the best known; and now signs of ancient diggings were being found in various places on the Rhodesian side. Before many years the "Copper Belt" was to be found, and one of the most important mines was to be that of Nkana, with its attendant town of Kitwe.

So far we had on our way a number of villages each day, but the next stage onward was a very long one. Hearing that there was a short cut through the bush, we decided to take it. Short cuts in Central Africa have a name for giving more trouble than roundabout ones, and so it proved, for we lost our way. After struggling along animal paths and no paths at all for about twenty-three miles, we at last reached a *musewo* or hoed path, which took us to a village, but alas the village was old and deserted. Boys went out in two directions to try to find where we had better go, and one party found some people fishing, who informed them that the village we were aiming for was six miles away. It was pitch dark before we reached it, and we were all thankful that the next day was Sunday, and so gave a rest to our tired legs.

As far as possible we tried to confine our trekking to the early morning and the late afternoon, resting at a village or some stream midday; but the distances between the villages were not always kind; and the midday sun often found us on the march. Most days were alike in their routine, but one day gave us a little

C.M. Doke crossing the Lufuwu

taste of real excitement. It was Tuesday, October 3rd, and we had been walking in the hot sun for quite a distance when we came upon a lovely pure stream, which one of my men told me was called *Kawulankashi* (the little one that lacked a sister). It was midday and we stopped for a rest and something to eat.

My men asked permission to bathe, the water was so enticing. The Lambas are a very clean people and will bathe twice a day if they can. So, after watching them for a little, I strolled on ahead carrying my fly-switch, as the tsetses were very active. There were plenty of trees, but mostly small ones, and long grass was abundant. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a movement in the grass at the foot of a large tree alongside the path some twenty yards ahead, and up stood a big black-maned lion, his eyes fixed on me. I came to an immediate halt. The day previous I had lost my hunting knife while chasing some wild pigs. My gun was far away at the rear with my "personal boy" who was probably still bathing. When I realised that I had only my zebra-tail switch in my hand, I felt a cold sensation down my spinal column. The lion watched me. I could see his oh so narrow waist line. I wondered how distended it might be in a very little while. I turned the fly-switch round, holding it by the hair end, so as to smit my enemy on the nose with the handle. How long we considered one another I don't know – maybe only a few minutes, when three carriers with their loads on their heads came up behind – one had an axe over his shoulder, another a spear helping to take the weight of the load, and the third a ker-

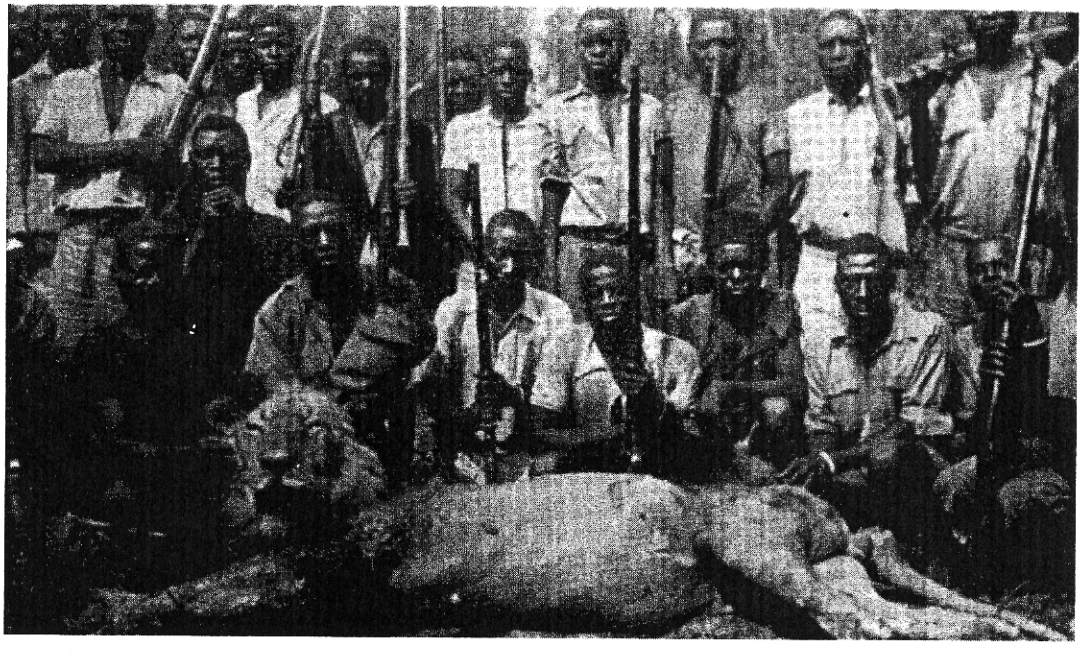
rie. This was too much for his lordship. With a muffled roar he turned, made off into the thicket and up a small hill. When the rest of the carriers came up and heard what had happened, they, particularly my "personal boy", expressed the shame they felt, and for the rest of the afternoon kept close to me. My "personal boy" was very upset, for he always carried my gun, and was supposed to be near me. He said, "Shikulu, I didn't know you were going to meet a lion today!" I was sure that the lion was waiting there for some innocent buck to come along the path. I, too, was quite shaken, for every weird-shaped ant-heap or rock looked like a lion, for the rest of that afternoon walk. And, difficult as it is to believe, this was the only time I saw a lion in seven years of Lamabaland life. I've *heard* them times without number – one evening at Kafulafuta my colleague H.L. Wildey and I stood outside our huts and counted seven different lions roaring in different directions.

I felt deeply grateful to God for His care over me, because most of the morning I had been walking quite alone far ahead of the carriers, and had I been alone at this time, quite possibly the meeting would have ended differently. Three hours later we reached Chipulali, where we camped. The chief begged me to shoot a buck, and as I too wanted meat, I went with three men to a small plain near the village where we found a herd of sable. Taking one man ahead, I stalked and shot one animal. The herd, numbering fifteen, instead of running away in a sensible manner when their companion fell, turned on us, snorting and stamping in a ominous manner. There was no cover for us, and not being desirous of being spitted on that long array of horns, we dared not advance to despatch the wounded animal. Just then our two companions, on hearing us call, ran up and succeeded in frightening off the herd, which watched our operations for some time from a distance of a hundred yards.

Speaking of lions in Lambaland, I am tempted to insert here an account of what happened to me once in the very early days of the missionary work: and I did not see the lions then either. It concerned one of our past scholars from Kafulafuta school, named Njamalaka.

Njamalaka lived in a fishing village near the Lukanga Swamp. For three years he had travelled north each term to attend as a boarder at the Mission school. He was a very little chap, and did not seem to grow with the years; but he had learned all he could in the early years of the pioneer school. Now he was reckoned a "past scholar".

One day a party set out from his village with bales of dried fish to take to the Government post, a hundred and fifty miles



Lion shot at Kafulafuta Mission (c. 1936)

away, on the railway line. They wanted the proceeds from the sale of the fish to pay tax at the "Boma", and to buy calico and other goods at the store.

The party was composed of several men and women, with two little boys, one of whom was Njamalaka. Their route lay along the ubiquitous Native path from village to village, through forest after forest, and across wide stretches of plain, from which the receding flood waters were now dried up, and which were still covered with waving fields of elephant grass, for the annual fires had not yet started. It was June, 1915.

Several days had passed, and good progress had been made. One afternoon the party reached the village of Kakuwala, and decided to push on and camp at a rest-hut near a stream, about seven miles further. They were anxious to hasten their journey to the Boma.

Just before nightfall they reached the hut. They drew water from the stream, and while the women prepared the evening meal, the men cut big logs of firewood for the night fires. After they had eaten, the women went into the hut to sleep, but the men and the two boys lay down around the fires outside. The two boys lay together under a single thin blanket.

In the dead of night – and it was a pitch-black night – when all the night insects, too, had ceased their chirping, two lions silently approached. Man-eaters make no noise! Without a sound, one of the lions seized little Njamalaka by the small of

the back and sprang off with him. His screams instantly roused the men, who grasped burning faggots from the fires, rushed after the lions, and beat them off. There is one thing lions do fear, and that is fire.

In an instant all the camp was in an uproar. Poor little Njamalaka terribly bitten through the back, was picked up and brought to the light of the fires. The rest of the night was terrible. They knew the man-eaters were still prowling about, and they boy was in dreadful pain – his intestines were protruding through his back.

With the earliest dawn, they made a rough hammock with a pole and blanket, and hurriedly began to retrace their steps homewards to take poor Njamalaka back to his mother.

Women crushing maize

I was a newcomer to the Mission at this time. My knowledge of medicines and first-aid was sadly lacking. It was about half past two in the afternoon, when a runner arrived to bring us the news about Njamalaka. As far as we could ascertain, the spot where the attack had been made was about twenty miles from the Mission to the westward. My senior colleague could only travel that distance, if he could procure four *machila* bearers. Two hours were spent in trying to engage these at near-by villages, but without success. And so it was half past five before I, as a substitute, set off westwards with four lads to carry tent, bedding, provisions and medicines, in an attempt to bring help to Njamalaka.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the river crossing before the village of Chitafu. Our crossing in dug-out canoes was greeted by the yelping of jackals, early on the prowl, reminding us that we were invading the wilds. Chitafu was to be our camp that night. And here again the wild intruded itself even during our evening service with the people – the distant roar of a lion punctuating the hymns the people sang.

Early next day (June 10) we were on the move, and our

path lay through seemingly primeval forest land, later skirting the great Kafue River. No soul we met in all that beautiful, abandoned country; but at about eleven o'clock we crossed a little stream, and there off from the path to our left, was the rest-hut and the remains of the abandoned fires. "There," said one of the lads, who had talked with the traveller, who had brought us the news of the attack, "There is where Njamalaka was bitten!"

We hurried on, and soon after midday reached Kakuwala. Here news was not good. The lad we sought was not here. The party had passed through the day before, carrying the lad towards home. We had come eighteen miles that morning, and the next village on our route, as far as we could ascertain, was some twenty miles further on. So we decided to have a meal, rest an hour, and then push on. But while we were eating, a party of school boys, returning from their holidays and making for the Mission, appeared. They brought the heavy news. Njamalaka had died the day before at Lumpuma's village, and was already buried.

There was no object in going further; so, with the help of these schoolboys, my lads pitched the tent in an open space in Kakuwala's village, and themselves found huts in which to spend the night.

That night was one never to be forgotten by me. There was no moon. It was pitch black. At about eleven I was awakened by the persistent barking of a village dog. I got up, lit my lantern, saw that my shot-gun was primed and at my bedside; put out the lantern, and tried once more to sleep. After a while the dog quietened down, and I dozed off. But not for long. Suddenly I was awakened by a screech from the dog, a rush to my tent door, then heavy padding, a tripping over the guide ropes of my tent. I shot out of bed, disentangling myself from the mosquito net, as one side of the tent sagged on top of me; and found myself standing in total darkness, with my shot gun at the ready. The squealing dog ran on, his yelps echoing in the trees standing in the village – and the padding of feet died away. How long I stood thus I do not know. Eventually I managed to find and light the lantern again; and after moving my bed to the centre of the tent, away from the sagging canvas, I crept under the blankets again, and stayed awake the rest of the night.

In the morning my boys said they had heard nothing: but the tell-tale spoor of the lion, which had blundered over my tent ropes when chasing the dog and uprooted three pegs, were there to testify that the silent man-eaters were still about. The village dog after unsuccessfully trying my tent door, had saved

himself by squeezing in through some crack in the side of the ill-fitting door of his master's hut.

I had had enough. The next trek was right back the twenty-five miles to the Mission. And that night I slept safe behind the brick wall of my well-built square hut.

Now I can continue my journey of September – October 1916, with a clear conscience.

For several days we travelled out west, crossing first the Lufwanyama (or Lufunsonshi) River and then the Luswishi with their numerous lovely little tributaries. Occasionally a little rocky kopje reared its head above the great waste of bush, and gave us a distant view over the endless waves of red and green and brown, lined here and there by a dark green band, which indicated the course of some stream. But the land is cursed with tsetse, which pester the traveller, and exhaust his patience and strength. At the point where we crossed the Luswishi River, we found a group of eleven villages bunched fairly closely together. This I considered a suitable spot for a future out-school. The principal village is called Mapili, and is some five days' direct journey from Kafulafuta roughly a hundred and ten miles. From these villages we soon crossed the border into the Kansanshi District, and after passing a fifty-six mile stretch of wonderfully watered country, with but one village between, encountered the first Kaonde villages. Another day and a half, and we reached Chisalala, the S.A.G.M. Station in the district.

It was refreshing to have a few days of rest and Christian fellowship with Rev. and Mrs E.A. Harris. They had a boys' boarding school similar in many respects to ours. About forty boys were then resident, a large portion of whom were members of their enquirers' class.

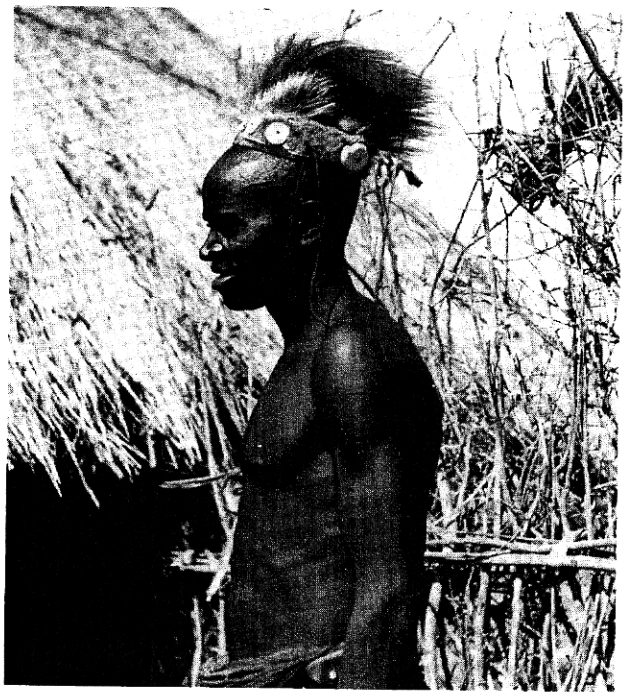
After spending the Sunday with my S.A.G.M. friends, and feeling greatly refreshed, we had prayer together, and then with my carriers we moved on: this time due north to Kansanshi Mine, an meagre fourteen miles away. This was once a flourishing copper mine; and when we arrived we saw the heaps of waste or too-low grade malachite, that green copper ore, around the deserted buildings, and also twelve traction engines and numerous trucks deteriorating in the Central African humid atmosphere. These had once been in feverish use conveying the copper ore along a road track to Baya, a railway station on the line not very far south of Elisabethville, now once more called by it original name of Lubumbashi. I was particularly anxious to visit Kansanshi because there was a Store which was kept by my friend Mr Allan, who had so kindly entertained my father and me at Bwana M'Kubwa on our 1913 trek. I had seen him once

or twice since that when I came to live at Kafulafuta.

This time he gave me a very warm welcome. I could guess that he was feeling the loneliness of this isolation: he was there more to protect the mine machinery than to carry on the trading business.

It was early afternoon but he persuaded me to camp at Kansanshi and have supper with him so I instructed my men to make a camp as usual. After supper a visitor turned up for a chat with Mr Allan. I was introduced to him, but I can no longer remember his name or what he looked like. I noticed that while we were sitting at ease and chatting, he kept looking at my feet. At last he could not avoid putting this question to me: "Pardon my asking you why you have hoop-iron on your shoes?" I stood up and said: "Certainly! Don't you see that the extra weight on the front of the foot tends to pull the foot an inch or so further forward with each step? Look!" And I got up and strode across the room flicking my toes in the process. "Well I never!" he said, "I'd never have thought of that." I caught Mr Allan's eye. But the visitor was really impressed.

Mr Allan, when talking about the mine, told me something I had not heard before. He said: "If you level off one of these heaps of malachite you can build a house on top without worrying about the white ants [termites, the scourge of wood-work in Northern Rhodesia]; the white ants will not come near the place."



A Lamba man from the Congo (photo by C.M. Doke)

With Tuesday morning we struck camp, bade farewell to my hospitable host, and, for the return journey, I chose another route first visiting a number of Lamba villages on the Elisabethville road, near the Congo border. The rivers here are numerous, and, though it was the end of the dry season, contained strong streams of crystal clear water. We crossed the Chifubwa, and then re-crossed the bigger Lunga River and its tributary the Luwanshila, the name of which was ominous enough – "lose the path".

It was here that our troubles started. Shilangwa, one of the little boys, a quiet little fellow with a beautiful face and gentle manners, took ill, and we had to pitch an early camp one Saturday at a village

presided over by a woman chief named Lwambula. All day Sunday Shilangwa was bad, and we remained in camp; but on the Monday he was so much better that we proceeded to the next village, Mutwale some six miles further on. We decided to camp here, as food had been scarce at Lwambula, and there was an opportunity to hunt. We hunted that afternoon, and I was successful in killing a hartebeest. So we were able to give some meat to the villagers, have a good feed ourselves, and dry some meat over the smoky fires during the night to carry with us.

On Tuesday morning – it was October 24th – the sick boy's load was divided among the other carriers, and we resumed our journey. All the carriers were now well laden, meat being added to their loads. I went on ahead, and rested on a plain eight miles away. After some time all the carriers, with the exception of Shilangwa and Katandika, had arrived; so, with Musongo, I went back, and, after about three miles, found them resting under some trees, Shilangwa quite unable to proceed any further. Musongo took up Katandika's load, and Katandika took the sick lad on his back; and thus we reached the plain where our companions awaited us. Katandika felt especial concern for Shilangwa, for he was a distant relative, and he felt the responsibility of having the lad on the journey with us.

We now held a council of war. As far as we could make out, we were about a hundred and fifty miles from home: it was not ordinary malaria, and did not respond to the quinine treatment. We decided to go forward and camp at the nearest water; we knew that we had not covered half the distance from Mutwale to the next village. Two miles further on the men found a spot suitable for a camp, not far from a stream called Muchingofwa. Three men were sent right back the ten miles to Mutwale with a large stock of dried meat, with which to buy meal, and darkness had fallen when once again they reached camp, disheartened and hungry. The chief would only give them about three pounds of meal – enough for two men – and had taken most of their meat in payment.

A *zareba* had been built, and cheery log fires were blazing. We were a dispirited party, however; anxious forebodings were in our hearts. I had refrained from having my tent pitched, and lay on my metal camp stretcher in the starlight under the trees. To add to the unpleasantness of our situation, and still further to depress our spirits, the *zareba* was invaded by hordes of savage driver ants. One of the men, when cutting wood, had evidently disturbed their nest. The men got little sleep. One after the other was turned from his grass bed to scatter hot coals over the invading hosts. I myself was a privileged exception; the ants did

not climb the metal legs of my stretcher, and I did not have to move. Dawn was breaking, however, before the attackers called off their forces.

In the morning I sent the three village men with their loads to go to the next village, Mawomba, and then to return to assist us. We rigged up a *machila* with a pole and ground-sheet, strongly bound with bark rope. Four more men proceeded with their loads, and set them down about two miles along the path; two then returned to carry the *machila* with Shilangwa. And so we proceeded in stages, the men carrying and returning continuously, till we were all "done in". There was no water to be found; and no food.

At about half past two in the afternoon we reached a large plain, and went in search of water. Wild pigs there were in abundance, and cranes, but not a drop of water. The sun was scorching hot. I said to Katandika, "We must leave two loads in the bush, and push on with Shilangwa." Hardly had I spoken when we saw two men coming in the distance. They had lost their way, and delayed in reaching the village. With their help we reached Mawomba before sunset; and there we found water and food in abundance.

The headman Mawomba said he had no one in his village who could help us to carry loads; all his men, he said, were away at war carrying for the East African campaign. By dint of threatening to leave two boxes to the responsibility of the headman, however, two lads were forthcoming to help us to the next stage, distant some fourteen miles. By this time we were north of the source of the Luswishi River; and were skirting an enormous plain some twelve miles in length. Here we saw a curious sight. The grass had all been burnt off about a month before, but little puffs of smoke came out of the ground at intervals, and the surface of the plain was scorching hot. Subsurface fires were smouldering through the peaty root masses of the stubble left, and these went on day and night, withering up the grass that was just beginning to grow again, but never bursting into flames, and not going out, until the first heavy showers of the rainy season extinguished them. Huge patches of the plain thus became from time to time, denuded of grass. I had seen this phenomenon but once before, and that too on the Lushwishi near Mapili.

On Thursday night we camped at Lwano's village. Besides the chief the only other man was a cripple; so I decided to leave two boxes in Lwano's charge to be sent for later. Lwano was a affable old man. He had been away some miles tending his fish traps when we reached the village; but had come home immediately one of the women sent by his wife had informed him of

our arrival. He came with a gourd of honey as a gift, showed genuine concern for our plight, and revealed a real interest in the sick lad, enquiring as to his symptoms. He said he would be perfectly willing to look after my boxes, but was much concerned to know how he would recognise my messengers when I send them. He was afraid spurious messengers might come to steal the boxes. I took two pieces of wood the same length, shaped them alike, and on the lower part of each I cut a cross. Giving the one piece of wood to Lwano, I said that my messenger would bring the other piece with him, and he could compare the two and satisfy himself. Old Lwano looked long at the two pieces of wood. Then he shook his head and said, "No, Shikulu, someone may see the piece in my possession and copy it. Then I would give your boxes to a thief!" And he added, "Make two crosses on the piece of wood you give your messenger. When I see the *difference* I will know the messenger is genuine! And Shikulu," he went on with eyes blazing, "the man who comes to try to take your boxes by false pretences, I will thrust him through with this spear!" And the old chief capered around, brandishing his spear in a most menacing fashion. I knew my boxes were safe with him.

Lamba man (photo by Olive Doke)

On Friday morning Musongo was sick; so we had perforce to stay where we were through that day. We were comfortable, however, and I passed part of the time, I remember, translating a portion of Ephesians into Lamba, for I carried my books with me. On Saturday, however, Musongo was better, and we were able to proceed. I had begun to suspect that Shilangwa was suffering from sleeping sickness, and felt the necessity for pushing on for home with all speed. All the men were instructed to guard the sick lad from tsetse fly, which swarmed all along our route.

We spent the Sunday at Lukungwe, and itinerated with the Gospel to some nearby villages, the men taking their part in the services. These villages had never before heard the Word of

God. On the Monday morning we were considerably more than a hundred miles from the Mission; but that day we crossed the Lufwanyama River by a rickety bridge high above the water, stretched from one big tree to another, and covered some twenty-eight miles. Shilangwa had lost all power or desire to speak: he said not a word. He ate very little, and two of his companions, Katandika and Kampokolwe, found no difficulty in carrying his weight all day, though a bush-made *machila* is itself no light or comfortable load to carry. The men behaved splendidly!

On the Tuesday we were travelling back along the route that Mr German and I had taken in April. At the next village we reached we found that most of the people were away in the bush cutting up an elephant they had killed the previous day; for the country of the Lufwanyama – meaning "where the game die" – abounds in large game of all sorts. On the road we met two well-built young men returning home from war-load carrying. They readily agreed to bring my boxes to the Mission, as soon as they had rested "two days" at their village. So I gave them the stick with the two crosses on it, and in due time they brought my two boxes safely to the Mission and were rewarded for their trouble and their faithfulness.

Only one other incident on this memorable journey. The rain caught us two nights out from home. We had reached a new village. The people were living in *imitanda*, temporary shelters made from branches piled together, preparatory to building their permanent houses. These shelters afford no protection against rain. The storm came at midnight. All the carriers sought shelter in my tent – floor area eight foot by seven. The sick lad was half under my camp stretcher on the ground sheet. The others packed like sardines everywhere else. Soon the tent flaps had to be thrown back; the heat became suffocating. One of the men, to the after amusement of all his companions, acted as a water break, his back turning a stream of water, which otherwise would have invaded the tent: the small trench dug round the tent having proved ineffective in the deluge. But we survived, and a bright, fresh, sunny morning soon caused all to forget a night of discomfort.

The last four and a half days travel were done at record speed, a hundred and nine miles being covered; and an anxious journey was concluded. Medical examination of Shilangwa revealed an attack of cerebral malaria; not sleeping sickness as we had feared; and after a long illness he fully recovered.

The log of this journey shows the following figures: During the five and a half weeks, we covered five hundred and sixty miles by our circuitous route, and reached fifty-three villages, of

which twenty-three had not previously heard the Word. In all, we held eighty services, with total attendances of 2 159 adults. In the majority of cases the villages were depopulated for war-load carriers and the preponderance in the numbers of women was very marked. Of the villages where we witnessed eight were Kaonde-speaking, two were Sewa-speaking, and the remainder Lamba. From October 9-21 we were witnessing in the Kansanshi or Solwezi District.

Chapter 7

THE LUKANGA TREK

My sister, Olive Carey Doke, had come up to Lambaland in July 1916 to join the Mission band at Kafulafuta. She was able to learn much about the work among the Lamba women from Mrs German, before the latter, for health reasons, had to leave and return with her husband to Johannesburg at the end of the year.

I arranged a tour southward to the Lukanga River area to last three weeks during May 1917, and my sister joined me to get her first experience of trekking in Lambaland. This was to prove the first of a very large number of treks by her during the long life of service she gave to the Lord: from July 1916 to March 1972, when she was called to Higher Service at Luanshya on the Copper Belt. She was buried at Kafulafuta, to which she was so devoted, and from which she had retired officially at the end of 1959.

Our Safari, of course, necessitated a much larger number of carriers; we took two tents and double the amount of camping equipment. ~~My~~ sister took her portable organ (two extra porters); and this time there was a *machila* for her use. In later journeys of hers she used a bush-chair poised above a single wheel, and provided with two shafts pulled by the man in front, and pushed by the one behind, usable on the narrow tracks. In time, particularly when the villagers were required by the administration to keep clear, from one village to the next, a *musewo* about five feet wide, hoed clear of stumps, weeds and grass, the lady missionaries used bicycles, until eventually motor cars came to be used. But all this change took place long after I retired south on account of my, and particularly my wife's breakdown in health from malaria.

I feel that it is appropriate in this chapter to reprint my Sister's account of this tour, which to her was such a new experience, and, written by a woman, contained much that, to me had been passed unnoticed. I include, without apology however,

other matters which I consider very important, and on which she did not at the time have the information I could supply. They will explain themselves, as we come to them.

A Peep at Lambaland [16]

By Olive C. Doke

At last the day came for my brother and myself to start on our Evangelistic Tour. The rains were over and we anticipated fine weather, if a little cold, for our journey. What different preparations from those made when leaving home for a holiday, or an itinerating tour of town churches! The tents and camp kit had to be sorted out and repaired if necessary, carriers written down, food boxes for three weeks to be thought of and packed, and a hundred and one odds and ends to be done. But now all that had been completed, and the day arrived to start.

Our carriers came in early, and more than we had written down, in the hopes that they would be wanted; and they were! It is marvellous how the loads seem to multiply! Eventually all got their loads designated to them, and they commenced doing them up, many of them having first to fetch their *lushishi* from the forest. (Lushishi is the inside bark of trees, of which they make string.)

Olive Doke's camp. Note the Union Jack (photo by C.M. Doke)

Our camping place for the first night was only about six miles from the Mission Station, so that we sent the carriers on ahead to get the tents up, etc., whilst we waited until after dinner in order to get the post. What a line the carriers made – twenty-three in all, each with his load on his head! It reminded me of the pictures one sees of Livingstone and his carriers. We left at quarter past two, with the three *machila* men – Kanyakula, Sambwa and Kaluwe – all splendid men, who proved a great help to us; and Mr Phillips accompanied us a little way to wish us God-speed.

When we got to camp we found everything in readiness – tents up and beds made, the kettle boiling, and the people gathering to welcome us. It was the village of three of our Christian women, so I was glad of the opportunity of seeing them. It was also the home of a number of our carriers. After the evening meal we gathered the villagers together for a service in the moonlight. And a glorious night it was too! The service was well attended, people also coming from a near village. We felt that God was in our midst. One of our carriers and his wife came forward at the end and said they desired to give themselves to the Lord. We had a very nice after-service, at which quite a number stayed and seemed eager to learn more.

Camp was struck about seven a.m., and after a brief service with those of the villagers who could come, we started on our long trek. Nkalata the next village we came to, was only a mile or so further on, but being off the main route to Ndola it is seldom visited by white people, consequently a white woman in their midst was a new thing, and the children especially were very frightened. My portable organ, too, was a wonder which they all crowded round to hear. But with just a short service we had to be off, or many who had *never* hear the Word before would still be without the opportunity of hearing.

One almost feels hopeless on these tours. To think of the thousands and thousands who have never heard the precious Name of Jesus, and when service is held in their village, interest is awakened and a longing to know more; but what after all, can the poor dark souls learn in one short service, or at the most two? But we have the Master's promise of blessing, and strengthened by this we go on trying faithfully to preach the Gospel in this needy place.

From this village our path lay all through the beautiful forest, and we were favoured with a *musewo* or hoed path about a yard wide. (The usual path is like a sheep track.) In a little while we met four women clearing the *musewo*, and stopped to give them the message of love. We travelled on, and presently came

Communal grindstone (photo by C.M. Doke)

to another village, where we stopped for lunch, and then a service with the people. Later on we came out of the forest, and passed through an old deserted village all grown over with grass. We found the people had moved some distance away through the next bit of forest. It was here we camped, and not being used to long distance walking for some time I was very tired. This was the first real camp, as we seemed so near home the night before. As soon as we entered the village, the women were asked to bring meal for our carriers. I was greeted by the women all coming and kneeling down in front of me, and clapping their hands, saying "*Mutende* mother." Then they hurried away to get the food required for the carriers. At dusk they brought in beans, monkey nuts, sweet potatoes, and *masaka* meal. This all had to be measured out, and they were paid accordingly in salt or calico. Then the carriers had to be rationed. After we had had our meal, the carriers called the people together for the service, the *machila* carriers were especially

helpful in this direction. As the moon was too late in rising, we had to rely on the camp fires and our lantern for light. How strange that service would look to many! The men on one side, the women with their babies on the other, our carriers grouped around us, all expectantly waiting! How eagerly and attentively they listened, only disturbed now and again with the cry of a baby. The story of creation and the fall of man was simply told them, and then the coming or our Saviour, who died for sinful man. One wonders how much they can comprehend of the wondrous story, with hearing it only once. The organ again proved an attraction, as indeed it did all through.

After the service, when the people had gone, we sat around the camp fires talking with the carriers until it was time to turn in. One can get into close touch with the carriers on a journey like this. Often and often we heard them discussing among themselves the talk of the last service. And how our lives are watched day after day to see if they tally with our words!

The camp was quite a sight at night, twelve or thirteen fires, with the carriers sleeping between each. Sometimes they were in a long line, sometimes in a circle, all depended on the space they had.

A village service

Next morning a poor boy with a fearful ulcer on his leg was brought to us for medicine, but it is little one can do for cases like that which need long treatment. However, we gave them a little stuff to last a few days. Nineteen gathered for service before we left, the others being out in their gardens bird-scaring. Our march was short that day, so that we reached camp about ten o'clock, and a lovely spot it was; a clearing in the forest with a large thatched summer house and kitchen erected for the use of the Boma Official when he comes. It was like a picnic all that day. At sundown the women brought the required food, and then the carriers gathered the people for service. After dark, a couple of women came back to hear more, so I got out my pictures to explain to them. It was as well that we had the day's rest here for one of the carriers got fever. However, he was much better in the morning, and able to carry a light load. A number of women and girls accompanied us for a long way, singing and running in front of us, greatly excited. For dinner we camped at a stream for an hour, and shortly after we left here, we came across elephant spoor, and also got into the tsetse belt, although we were not much troubled with them. After fourteen and a half miles, we came to the village, and camped. It was being newly built, and some of the houses were really well done. Our night here was disturbed by rats. They were everywhere. One longed for the "Pied Piper". We held the evening and morning services, which were both well attended, and then moved on again. Elephants had crossed the path just before us that morning; the trees were stripped of their bark, and branches were torn down, but unfortunately we did not see the mischief makers.

Lamba women (photo by C.M. Doke)

The next camp was at Kawunda, the village where they have begged for an outschool. We were received well, the people doing all in their power to please us. The chief, a young man, set the women to clear a patch for our tents, and the children to clear a granary for us to use as a summer-house, as we were staying over Sunday. Plenty of food was brought here, and was bought with books, St. John's Gospel and the First Primer.

One man had learned to read, and when he returned home he taught the others, among whom was the chief himself, and so we found that quite a number could read a little. There being no villages near that we could visit on Sunday, we spent the day reading and writing, and twice I was able to get some women and children together to explain the pictures to them. The evening service was a large one (eighty-nine), and a number of men stayed to an after meeting, nine of whom, including the chief, were desirous of following the teachings of Christ. They asked all manner of intelligent questions, really wanting to know more. Truly this is the right place for an outschool! They were all so anxious to have a teacher, and have promised to build the School and a house for him, also to feed him and to buy all books, slates and pencils, required. May we be guided aright in the course we should take at Kawunda. Our visit here was a great encouragement to us. It shows what one man's learning a little can do!

Monday we were on the move again. Each day passing through two or three villages, and giving them the Message. Often we had to wait a couple of hours for the people to gather, as they were away in their distant gardens, and the carriers had to go and call them. One must not be in a hurry in Central Africa!

Saturdays we endeavoured to reach a village that had other villages within walking distance that we could visit on the Sunday, for of course we did not move camp until Monday.

At the end of that week we got near Lenge villages, and here the women greeted us with whistling like a train. In several instances we were among the first white people who had been through.

In this way we travelled for three weeks, taking a circular route and visiting fifty-five villages in the 246 miles, holding sixty-one services, and of these fifteen villages had never heard the Word before.

Our average travelling was about fourteen miles a day, but one day we did twenty-one miles, crossing six plains and marshes, to say nothing of fording rivers and going through forests. The country is simply lovely, yet in places we could see where old villages had been years and years before, for the trees, although grown up again, were all out of shape.

I mentioned before that I had taken my organ with me. As we progressed on our journey, we found that someone had preceded us, and our fame had spread abroad. The people said they heard we were carrying a "dog in a box which spoke out the words of God." And they were all anxious to hear this wonderful dog. I fear this does not say much for their musical ear or my playing!

Just before we turned our steps homeward, we came into the district of the wonderful Lake, the Kashiwa Kawena Mofya, and availed ourselves of the opportunity of seeing it. It is supposed never to have been fathomed, and has numerous superstitions attached to it. The scenery surrounding the Lake is gorgeous.

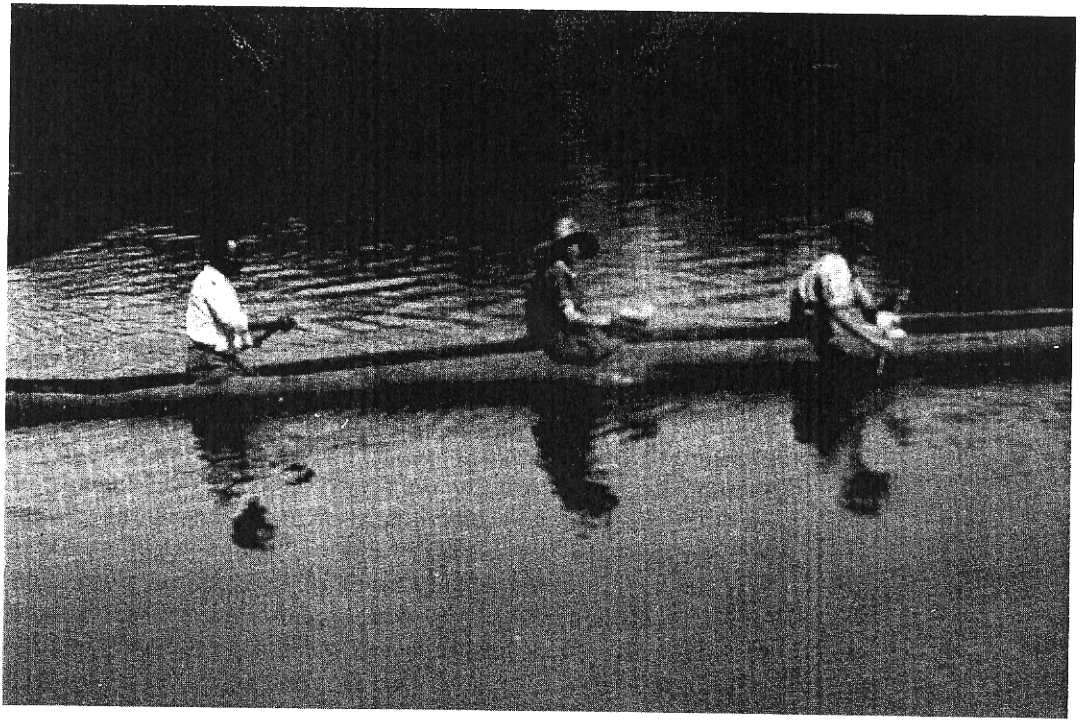
We praise God for all His loving protecting care from dangers seen and unseen, and pray that if it be His will we may be spared to enjoy more years in His service.

The Akashiwa Kawenamofya [17]

Near the conclusion of our recent evangelistic tour to the villages along the Lukanga Valley, during May, I had the opportunity of again[18] visiting the curious volcanic lake, called the Kashiwa KaWenamofya (or Kashiwa KaWenambushi – the little lake of the Goat-clan), and learning a little more about the numerous superstitions that have, not surprisingly, grown up around it.

I first visited this district in July, 1913. It then appeared a barren wilderness of grass, rocks and bush, with this one gem in the midst. Kapopo was twelve miles away; now villages have moved, and we visited four within two miles of the spot.

The lake is rectangular in shape – almost a perfect oblong, were it not for the hard hand of time, which, together with vol-



Olive Doke in dugout canoe (photo by C.M. Doke)

canic action maybe, has left its marks in deep fissures and other irregularities. The length is about 400 yards, and width 300: a giant's swimming bath seemingly cut out of the rock by an enormous knife, the rocky sides going sheer down to unknown depths.

The superstitions regarding this beautiful lake will, perhaps, be better understood if I first outline its mythological history. Two clans of the Lamba people – the Wenamishishi (Hair-clan) and the Wenambushi (Goat-clan) – quarrelled over the chieftainship, and war ensued, which went in favour of the present clan of Lamba chiefs, namely the Wenamishishi. The Wenambushi, however, seem to have been possessed of some "spirit" (*icitala* the Lambas call it, which denotes perseverance as well as stubbornness), and though beaten, they swore that they would never bow the neck to their victorious rivals. Rather than do that, they decided one and all to commit suicide. Goods and chattels, fowls, goats and all, they threw into the lake, and then themselves plunged in, and were lost in the mysterious depths. Some say they live down there now, and have a submarine village! But around that question heated arguments still rage. On hearing this story, I naturally put the question. "How is it then that there are still members of the Mbushi clan living?" "Ah," is the answer, "one woman – a Mwinambushi – was married to a Mwinamishishi man, and, when she tried to commit suicide, he caught her and took her back to the village. She became the mother of all the Mwinambushi!"

The foregoing legend is implicitly believed by the majority of the Natives; hence they will not drink of the waters – as pure as any in the country – because, they say, they are polluted with the blood of those who threw themselves in, and would cause death or some terrible disease; though they have begun to say that these curses would have no effect on white people, especially when they have seen no evil effect on us, after we have shown temerity enough to drink thereof.

Fish are to be seen lazily swimming round, small ones near the surface and large ones deep, deep down, for the water is marvellously clear. I was sorry I had left my hooks at camp, for I longed to disillusion my carriers on the most favourite belief, namely, that if we caught them, we should never be able to cook the fish, or even kill them, however long we kept them over the coals!

I had the opportunity, however, of undermining their belief on another point. I was told that, though white men had tried with their guns, none had yet been successful in shooting across the lake – every bullet invariably fell into the water mid-way. I

had my rifle with me, so I said, "Bring me the gun, and you will see how foolish you are." Had I remembered the psychological truth that "one sees what one means to see", I should have thought twice before venturing the experiment. Putting up four hundred yards' sight, I pointed out a tree on the opposite shore, and aimed. Immediately they heard the shot, almost with one accord they started to shout, "Didn't you see it? Didn't you see it? In the water! In the water!" I warmly replied that I did not see it, and by dint of argument I got a couple of half-hearted adherents to my view; but the majority were against me. Fearing that we should have a never-ending argument I got four men, two of each persuasion, to accompany me round the lake to investigate. I confess I feared my shot had gone away in the bush beyond and that I should not have any proof to show them the foolishness of their belief. However, we threaded our way through the long grass and over yawning chasms which seemed like shafts of extinct mines, and eventually found ourselves at the other end of the lake. The tree was standing right out over the lake, and it was difficult to examine it; but after a little climbing and searching, the hole was found, and, incidentally, my reputation made. Usually, when hunting, I am sure at nothing under a haystack at 400 yards, and I thanked God for directing this shot. The men would not entirely give up their contention, but said, "You have done something today that has till now baffled every white man that has tried!" So hard of dying is superstition! The excuse they made for saying the shot had gone into the water was that they must have seen the splash of the tree splinters!

There is a somewhat similar lake about eighty miles from the Kashiwa KaWenamofya, on the eastern side of the railway line, which I have not yet visited. The Natives believe that the two lakes are connected underground, for they say that a long pole stripped of its bark, if thrown into the Kashiwa KaWenamofya, will come to the surface in the Chilengwa, and vice versa.

Two myths told me by a woman at Lukeshi forcibly remind one of the fables of the old Romans. The "spirit of the lake" seems a kindly disposed one too, though not quite as visible as the one that gave Excalibur to King Arthur in our own myths. For one thing this woman says that the earnest prayers of the barren are answered if addressed to the lake. Further this: One day a man found a beehive in a cleft of a tree overhanging the lake, and he set to work to chop it out. The axe-head flew off and sank into the waters. Thereupon the man prayed to the lake saying. "O Father, I am a poor man; give me back my axe!" Whereupon the axe-head floated up, and the man took it out.

Mulekelela, "the story-teller of the Lambas". (photo by Olive Doke)

A study of Lamba Folklore shows many a sign of similarity to ancient mythology and religious belief, as well as to our own more modern fairy-tales. To me they seem to be more than coincidences, and suggest some common source as a background. The Lamba "Tower of Babel" – though built of poles, not bricks – came down with a crash, because the termites ate the poles through at the base; and the separating of the languages of the Lamba, Lenge, Wulima and Kaonde people dates from the fall of the tower.

Native superstition has at least kept the "little lake of the Goat clan" in all its ancient isolation, clean, majestic, silent; and one approaches it even now with a certain awe and reverence.

Lukele Alikalengele! God's agent created it!

The print of God's fingers are still seen upon it!

KAPUTULA

This Lukanga trek, taking us almost due south from Kafulafuta, was one that zigzagged from village to village through an area more thickly populated than those I had previously passed through. When we neared the Lukanga River, which was really a boundary between the Lamba and the Lenge tribes, we turned east, keeping on the north side and avoiding the Great Lukanga Swamp into which the river runs. Thus we were travelling parallel to the course taken by my father and me with Mr Phillips in 1913 when going from the abandoned Station of Lwamala to Broken Hill. But we were going in the reverse direction, east to west, and some twenty miles further north. We visited, as my sister has recorded, a considerable number of villages in which the Word of God had not been heard before.

Here I must break off to go back to the beginning of 1916.[19]

At Kafulafuta we had a large boarding School for boys, and at the opening session of that year a lad of about fourteen years of age named Kaputula, arrived with several others to enter school. Lamba boys of that age have already abandoned their birth name, the name of the deceased ancestor believed to be re-incarnated in them, and have taken a name of their own fancy. And "Kaputula" means "shorts"!

Kaputula was a bright lad, and he soon learned to read and write. On Sundays he loved to hear the stories of the Gospel,

and listened with all his heart. He had never heard such things in his village. He was used to fearing the spirits; for if anyone displeased them, the consequences to the offender were dreadful. But on the Mission he heard that there is a God mightier than the spirits. He listened eagerly, until his whole heart went out in love to the wonderful Jesus, who actually died for him. And He was coming again!

So one night Kaputula came timidly to my house and asked admission. He came in and sat down on the grass mat on the beaten mud floor. "Shikulu (Sir), I want to turn over my heart." After a long talk with him, explaining and pointing him to the One who alone can change hearts, he surrendered his all to Him, and went away happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and of the love surrounding him.

He never forgot that day. It was on July 9th 1916 that the lad Kaputula "turned over his heart to God", as the Lambas so strikingly speak of conversion. Little did the Missionaries realise that, in the group of boy-converts that term, was one destined to become one of the greatest of African Christians.

The school holidays came. Away trooped the boys along the forest paths to their distant homes, Kaputula with them. When school reopened, however, Kaputula did not return. No one knew what had become of him. The months passed by; vacation came again, and it was "trekking time". This time it was the Lukanga Trek.

When we found ourselves among villages in which the Word of God had never before been preached, and the village headman and villagers had been called together, I invariably questioned the gathering with the words: *Mwaumfwa ifya Wa Yesu?* – "Have you heard of Jesus?" And in this area the invariable reply would be: "No, who is He?" Then came the opportunity for telling the "Old, old story" to the people, as they sat around the fires in the village court, the light of the flame flickering upon the trees that hemmed the village in. But one evening, a different answer was given to the question: "Have you heard about Jesus?" "Yes, we have heard about Jesus." "Who told you about Him?" "Kaputula told us!" was the reply. "Kaputula!" I exclaimed, "Is he here?" "No," was the reply, "he lives at Senkwe, further on."

When the service was over I hastened with a companion to Senkwe which was not very far away. As soon as we reached there I made inquiry for Kaputula. At first no answer was given; but being pressed, the people said: "He is out in the bush!" My companion explained: "They mean, Shikulu, that he is a leper, and is segregated outside the village."

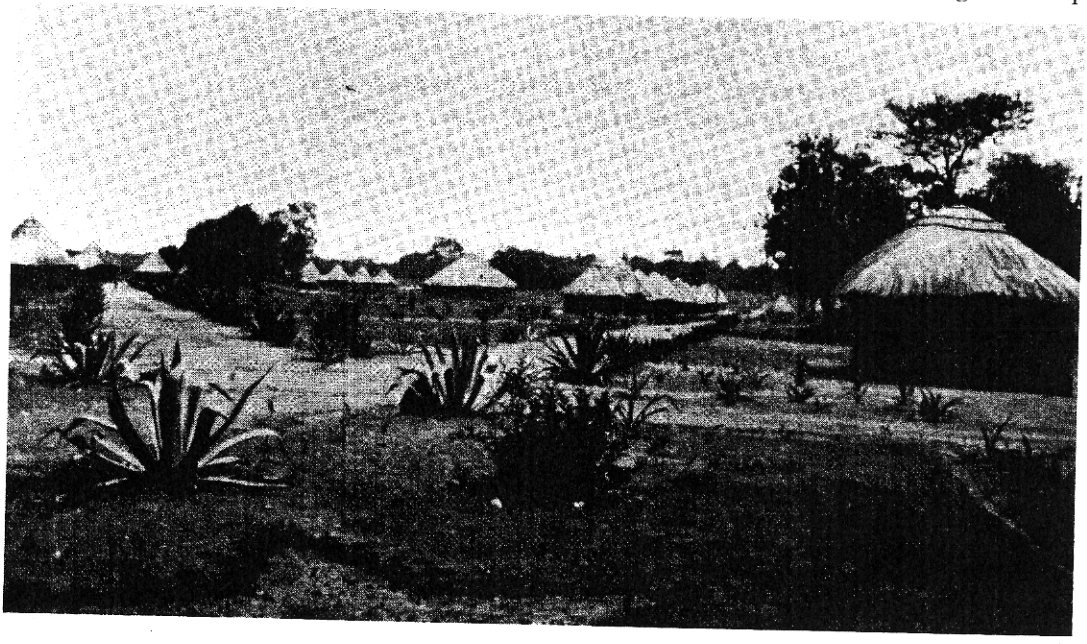
The Lambas fear leprosy beyond any disease. In some places where it was very prevalent, villages have been divided, the lepers living in a group of huts across the river, away from the rest of the people.

They led me along a little track to a small grass hut, some hundred of yards away in the bush outside the village. Food and water were brought to him there; but he was by himself, an outcast, unclean! He had been faithful in witness, and now he was cast out! This was his first great lesson. "Have faith in God."

I shall never forget when I stooped down in the low entrance to the hut. There was a heap of cold ashes in the middle, and behind there huddled a miserable emaciated figure: but when he looked up and saw me, it was his shining eyes that held me. "Is it you, Shikulu?" he gasped. "Yes, Kaputula, I have found you at last. Would you like to be taken to the Mission and looked after?" There was no delay in his eager assent. I prayed with him in the mouth of that dreadful hovel; and then told him to be patient. I promised I would send a *machila* with porters to carry him as soon as I got back to the Mission.

It was not long before he was brought back to his old school. He was treated with special medicines, and to the joy of all concerned his health returned. Kaputula continued his schooling, in which he did well: he became a pupil teacher; but, best of all, his example of Christian living told on his companions, and one by one they too came out for Jesus.

Kaputula was put in charge (with Mose Katanga to help



Kafulafuta Mission Station (c. 1920)

him) of an outschool opened at Kawunda Chiwele, and then returned again to Kafulafuta. Speaking of those days, he said:

"At that time we had only the Gospel of John and Mark, together with Jonah, in print in the Lamba language. These we read constantly. This reading, and talks I had with Shikulu Filipo and Shikulu Doke, led me to ask for baptism; but several of us were seeking baptism at the same time, so Shikulu Doke had classes for instruction with us. We were five; Katandika afterwards Luke Mavula, and Ngolofwana being Reuben Chumpuka, and Chilayi his brother now known as Mako, and Jakobi Mununga and myself."

It was a great day, on March 7th 1920, when these five witnessed to their faith in the Lord Jesus in the waters of the flooded plain of the Kafulafuta River. As was the custom on baptism, each candidate took a Bible name, and discarded his old one. Generally the father's name was coupled with this new Christian name. So, Kaputula ceased to be, and Paul Kasonga took his place. How prophetic was this name of Paul to be! A man with a "thorn in the flesh!" And what a thorn! Leprosy! He too proved that the Grace of the Lord Jesus was sufficient for him; his strength was indeed made perfect in weakness.

Paul with companions: Mulumbwe and Chando (rear), Paul, Benjamin and Manamba (front) (photo by Olive Doke)

Shortly after his baptism – he was but a lad still of about eighteen years – a request came from Chirupula[20] to Mr Phillips, the Superintendent of the Mission, asking for a teacher to be sent to his farm at Chiwefwe, to open a school for the many children there. Paul was selected, as being the most trustworthy for such responsibility as far as a hundred miles from the Mission. And now let Paul tell this part of his story in his own words:

"At first I refused to go, because I was afraid of the fierceness of Chirupula; but Shikulu Filipo talked with me and strengthened me, by reminding me of the story of Joseph when he was sold into Egypt. He said I must not be afraid, for it was God who wanted me to witness and work for Him there. His words strengthened my heart and I consented to go. I went in faith that strength would be given me, and that God would go before me, and He did. When I arrived I found that my fears

Paul

were groundless, for Chirupula received me very kindly and trusted and liked me; and I was very pleased and happy. There, too, I used to go to the surrounding villages, when my work was done, and give out the Gospel Message. I had charge of Chirupula's six children for the school hours; and his two wives, and the wife of a neighbouring doctor were very interested in the words I had to tell them about Jesus, and often came to talk to me."

But the dread signs of leprosy broke out on him again, and carriers had to be sent a journey of many days to bring him back to Kafulafuta. For a time his body responded, but he lost this toes and his fingers, and his face was affected. He battled on.

Paul said afterwards that, during that time, his Lamba New Testament, which had been published by then, was his greatest comfort; it helped him to forget himself, and God spoke to him through its pages. When his hands got too bad for him to turn the pages any more, his little brother used to do it for him. He read and pondered it day and night; and the Holy Spirit taught him wonderful things from its pages, and was indeed to him a Comforter. In these days of tribulation he learnt many lessons from God Himself!

He was on fire for His Lord.

For several years my sister was able to take Paul with her on long evangelistic journeys, and valuable and lasting work was done throughout the country. The bush car, push-pulled by two strong men was his means of conveyance.

Miss Doke writes: "Back on the Station Paul became invaluable to me with translation work, and we spent hours together getting to understand one another, black and white, as a background to know how best to present the precious Word. Together with Anashi, we had wonderful hours of study around God's Word, and this fitted us all for more understanding work, and deepened our own spiritual lives."

Paul became known throughout Lambaland, and people travelled for scores of miles to come and see him, to pour out

their troubles and ask his advice. Many gave their lives over to God in the little ante-chamber to his room. Soon he became the acknowledged leader in spiritual matters. Baptismal candidates were always entrusted to his care, and at almost any time of the day or night, listeners would squat on the hard floor of the adjacent room whilst the beloved leper instructed them from his chair or bed.

In 1926 I had the joy of revisiting Lambaland, and one of my first privileges was to go and see Paul. He was sitting in a deck chair outside his hut. On his lap was the *Ukulayana Kwawukumo,* the Lamba New Testament. With what joy he welcomed me! But he could scarcely get through the usual Lamba greetings, before he wanted me to explain a passage he was reading from Revelation, which was giving him some difficulty. My sister told me that the New Testament was his constant joy. He was always reading, reading God's Word, and explaining and teaching its contents and message to the visitors who crowded his hut door.

In 1950 I went again to Lambaland, as President of the Baptist Union of South Africa. When I visited Paul, it was difficult to realise that I was seeing an old pupil of mine. I felt awed, in the presence of one living very near his Lord. There was a quiet confidence with him; I waited on his every word; they seemed to bear authority. He had lived through a life of close experience of his Master. It was a joy then to hand him one of the first copies of a collection of thirteen books of the Old Testament. How he took the volume between the stumps of his poor, maimed, fingerless hands, and seemed to smooth the book caressingly, as he said: "Here is a feast of new things from God for me."

Paul with Olive C. Doke and Anashi

After my 1950 visit to Lambaland, at my sister's request I wrote the following for publication:

"I have had long talks with Paul. He is one of God's saints. Through the hard school of leprosy for thirty years he has learned the deep things of the Spirit. Despite his lonely, pain-filled secluded life, he drinks of the deep well of spiritual experience. He can no longer go on evangelistic journeys as he used to do with Miss Doke, but he is doing a greater ministry than that. We do not know what numbers of perplexed, harried souls

come to consult him; but they crowd his humble abode, and they go away refreshed, comforted and guided. Here is just an instance. An old friend of mine, whom I had led to the Lord many years ago, has been going through a time of severe trouble and testing. Since last Christmas he had absented himself from worship, nursing a grievance. Knowing of my visit to Lambaland, despite painful feet, he got a friend to bring him in some twenty-five miles to see me. I was away on the Copper Belt when he reached Kafulafuta, but he awaited my return. Then I had a long conversation with him about his trouble. I gave him certain advice and then said: 'I think you ought to talk this all over with Paul.' 'I have already done so,' he said. And what did Paul tell you?' I asked. 'Just the same as you just said, Shikulu,' he added, 'I will follow the advice with God's help.'

I was talking to Paul about this man and others, and said, 'I think God is speaking to some of the people, Paul.' 'Yes,' he said, 'Do you know Shikulu, that last Sunday D.K. came to me and told me that your words at the Conference had hit him hard, and that God spoke to him?' I had not known that. D.K. was a backslider of years; he had come to greet me after the meetings; but it was to Paul he went to unburden his spiritual state. Here then, is the man whom God is using. If he were the only fruit of Lambaland it would be rich reward for our Missionaries. But praise be to God there are so many others too."

When the time came to appoint Elders in the Church, Paul was the first one chosen: four in all were appointed in 1934. In June 1953 Paul was one of the three Lambaland stalwarts who received Ordination by the Baptist Union of South Africa, and joined the ranks of Ministers.

For my 1950 visit to Lambaland, my daughter Eunice and I were fortunate to be taken from Johannesburg by our close friends Ivor Powell, the Welsh Evangelist, and his wife, who were to conduct missions in a number of the Copper Belt towns. Ivor Powell, when he visited Kafulafuta was deeply impressed when I took him to see Paul. He afterwards devoted thirteen pages of his book *Silent Challenge* [21] (Chapter 6) to "Paul the Leper."

I had been translating for some time his questions and Paul's answers, and cannot resist including the final one here. Powell wrote:

"His story ended, and hearing whispers, I looked through the open doorway and saw the Africans waiting to see their Paul. My conscience troubled me for I was monopolising their 'Father in God'. I pushed my chair and wondered if I dare put

my final question. Dr Doke read my thoughts, and his eyes seem to say, 'Yes, what is it?' 'Ask him which is his favourite Bible story?' I wondered what the answer would be and half expected Paul to reply 'The Story of the Cross.' To my surprise he looked up and without a smile, gravely said, 'I like the story of the feeding of the five thousand.' I was so completely surprised that I wanted to sit down and talk about the relative values of Bible stories. I was so certain that such an eminent leader of the African Church would choose the story of the Death of the Saviour. How could he choose this in preference to the greatest of all stories?

'Doctor,' I whispered, 'please ask him why he likes that one.' Paul's swollen lips pouted for a brief instant; his poor arm rubbed his cheek bone, and then he said: 'I like that story because it's a parable of how God breaks up His mercy. There is some for every man who will take it.' His answer was so deliberate; so dignified; so inspiring, I was immediately transported in thought back to the college to hear again the voice of my old Principal who specialised in such replies. My appreciation of such doctrine was not altogether silent, and as I turned toward my Professor Brother, I saw that his eyes were misty. I understood. This was the little boy whom he had led to Christ thirty-four years earlier. This was the small black scholar who had knelt in a little hut to give his heart to God. Ill-health had driven the missionary away from the station, but his black boy had lived on to be the light of the Lamba people."

Paul was called to Higher Service on August 3, 1954. He did not live to see the complete Bible, which was published in 1959.

C.M. Doke at Paul's grave (1959)

Though this in one of the smaller tours which we are considering in the present collection, it must be reckoned as one of the most important. Two hundred and forty-six miles only were travelled, but we found over fifty villages, and held over sixty services. We testified at fifteen villages where the Word of God had not been heard before; and we registered sixteen decisions, five of them at the first hearing of the Gospel. We had talks to five Saidi women at the roadside, and on another occasion to three on the way to Kawunda Chiwele. We praise God that He gave us the privilege to witness to "raw heathens" and to see the power of the Holy Spirit move them to accept Jesus, God's Son, as their Saviour and Master, and to beg us to come again and teach them more. I marvelled at the possibility and the wonder of a first hearing being believed. They had had no knowledge whatever of the existence of Jesus.

They believed in the existence of Lesa, a great being and creator, too far away to be concerned with them; and their concern was to appease the spirits.

But, as I look back from 1973 to this journey undertaken in 1917, I am convinced that the Hand of the Lord was upon us especially to guide me to that visit to Senkwe, and the discovery of the leprous lad, cast out, and waiting to die. At the time I hadn't the least thought that the decision to send for him to come to the Mission was more than normal compassion. But God could see in that emaciated and disfigured lad, Kaputula, a second Apostle Paul, with a fearsome "thorn in his flesh", but a born teacher, advisor and comforter, known and honoured throughout Lambaland.

It is nearly twenty years now since Paul's tired, disfigured body was laid to rest in "God's Acre" at Kafulafuta; but the Lamba Christians have not forgotten; and are planning to build a Church in a populous area a few miles away in honour of the man who suffered for so many years to teach the Gospel to them.

Chapter 8

KANAMAKAMPANGA

Lest the reader should get the idea that the Missionary is always on trek, I have decided to insert now some varied accounts of missionary experiences before returning once more to the trekking.

1
THREE BOYS COME TO SCHOOL

I was sitting at my table in the mud-walled hut I used for study and office. The hut was built of poles planted in the ground in a circle. These were bound together with bark rope and then saplings, then smeared over with a thick covering of pounded mud. The roof was made of poles covered with a thick thatch of elephant grass cut out on the plain near the mission station. This hut differed only in two respects from the village huts of the people, to whom I had come to bring the Word of God. The doorway, six foot high, had a wooden door on hinges, instead of the bamboo screen fastened in position by a wooden cross-piece, which every village hut used. And further, a ready-made window frame and window, with four glass panes, had been fixed in the wall on the opposite side of the hut from the door. No African hut had such a thing as a window! What a stupid thing to have! Just the very thing for an enemy to use for hurling in a spear! Whoever could sleep safely in a hut that had a window? But there is no end to the absurd things the missionaries say and do!

The table was beneath this window, and the light shone on to the books and papers before me. I was very busy. The boarding school was to open the next day; and the final touches had to be made to the syllabuses, and the allocations of senior boys to the various "houses", among which the boarders were to be

divided. The headman of the mission station, a capable man named Joshua, was at the store huts weighing and buying basket after basket of *amasaka* (sorghum), brought by an endless line of women from the village. Several of the boys were emptying the corn into a huge grain bin, made of poles and mud, and having a thatched roof; it was raised on a platform to keep the grain away from the ravages of the white ants. The bin was gradually filling up. Three such bins were necessary to supply the needs of the hundred and twenty boarders at the school. No money passed between buyer and seller for this stock of corn, salt, soap, cloth by the yard or four-yard piece, shirts, shorts and many another article, were exchanged for the baskets of corn.

I was especially worried this morning, because Joshua had reported that the stock of trade goods was getting very low. A fresh supply was expected at the railway siding, some forty miles away; but it was overdue, and I was anxiously waiting to hear from the storekeeper at the siding that the goods had come, so that I could send carriers to bring the loads. Still, my needs had always been provided, and I put aside my anxiety over this matter, and turned again to the syllabuses.

Outside my door I heard whispering; then a somewhat tremulous voice said, "*Twaisa Shikulu* – We have come, Sir."

"Come in," I replied, as I pushed back my papers, and half turned my chair to face the doorway.

Into the room came three lads. They were dressed as ordinary village boys: only a loin-cloth, very small and dirty, made up the clothing of each. They came quietly in, squatted on their haunches on the beaten mud floors, in front of me, at a respectable distance, and began to clap their hands together, saying at the same time, "*Mutende Shikulu* – Peace, Sir."

"Peace to you," I replied, "Are you strong?"

"We are strong, Sir. And you, are you strong?"

They were using the respectful plural in addressing a white man, of whom they were still somewhat afraid.

"Yes, I am strong. Are your relatives at home strong?"

"They are all strong. Only this one's father's sister died last month, and the mourning dancing has only just finished." So said the biggest of the three boys, pointing to the one next to him.

The conversation of polite greetings could not be hurried, and I had to be patient, till the proper time came for more direct questions.

"What do you want, that you come here?" I asked at length.

"We want to enter school," said their spokesman.

My forehead wrinkled. I had already more applications than I had room for. After a long pause, the question:

"Where do you come from?"

"We come from Mukapu's village, Sir"

Ah, but this made a difference. Mukapu's village lay over seventy miles to the southward, among a people unreached by the Gospel. We had long hoped for scholars from this area. Now here were three. I must fit them in somehow.

"Stand up, you!" I said to the boy who had been doing most of the talking. "What is your name?"

"Katontoka, Sir"

"Oh, you are a bouncer, eh?" There was a general titter of laughter at this. For young boys' names usually have some meaning attached to some characteristic; and this lad had a way of walking with a springy, bouncing gait. The boys began to feel more at ease. This white man was *watuseko,* one fond of a joke, and pleasant to talk to, and perhaps to live with.

I wrote down Katontoka's name, the name of his father, the village (named after the headman), the stream from which the villagers drank, the boy's clan name, and his probable age, about fourteen. I was eager to get to know everything about the people, how they lived, and as much as possible about their language.

"All right, Katontoka, sit down. Now you, stand up!" I pointed to the second lad, a lanky boy, of about the same age. "What is your name?"

"Meleki, Sir,"

"You look as though you need to drink more *meleki,*" I said laughing. The other two boys nudged one another and chuckled. This was going to be good, they thought. *Meleki* was a foreign word, taken from the English "milk"; but it was fashionable to take the foreign name, rather than that of *mandili,* which they used in their own language for "milk".

"You will be called Meleki two at the school." I said when I had written down all the details, "We already have another Meleki here. He comes from Ntenke's village."

And then it came to the third boy's turn.

"Sit down Meleki. Now *you* stand up!"

I was surprised, when this lad stood up, to see how small he was; yet he had a look of great intelligence; almost the head of a little old man on a little child's body. He could not have been more than eleven years old; but he had fully the confidence of his two older companions.

As the boy stood up, I noticed, in addition to his scrappy bit of loin-cloth, that he had something tied with a piece of bark-string round his left leg, just below the knee. There were two little pieces of wood, each about the thickness of a pencil and

about an inch long. I noticed more: three little tattoo marks on the back of his right hand, between the thumb and first finger, and similar tattoo marks on the upper part of his right arm.

"And what is your name?" I said.

"Kanamakampanga, Sir."

"My, my, my!" I exclaimed. "What a big name for a little man!" There was loud merriment at this. "So you are The Little Animal of the Veld, are you?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply, without any sign of confusion.

There was no time for more talk then. Joshua was at the door to report on the amount of corn bought that morning, and two elderly women were sitting outside waiting to ask for medicine.

"Joshua," I said, "take these three boys from Mukapu, and give them each a new singlet and loin-cloth from the store, and a school blanket. Don't forget to enter the items in the book. Then take them to Katandika, and tell him I want him to have them in his house. He must send Bweupe to Kabondo's house. That is how we will fit them in."

Joshua went out with the boys. Directly they were outside, they ran over to a big mahogany tree growing not far from my office, and gathered their belongings, which they had put down over there before announcing their arrival. Katontoka picked up his bundle, a rush mat, a puku's skin, a small cooking pot, with the remains of some twice-cooked porridge, a spear for protection on the road, and a stout stick with a small cloth package tied to the end. Meleki too had his bundle of sleeping mat and buck's skin, as well as an axe and a *kalimba,* the little African hand piano, which they love to carry and tinkle as they travel the long pathways through the forest. Kanamakampanga's bundle was so arranged as to hide within it a bow and sheaf with half a dozen arrows. He also had a spear, which, when he carried it, seemed far too long and bulky for so small a boy.

Joshua laughed as he walked ahead of them. "You boys are armed as though you were coming to live among the Masukulumbwe!" [22] he said.

"Well," answered Meleki, "we killed a python on the road, and heard lions roaring both the nights we slept on the way."

"Here is Katandika's house. I'll go and tell him you are here: he is down at the school house. You boys are to remember to speak to baKatandika [23] with respect, and to obey him in everything he tells you to do. You are not to quarrel with the other boys in the house. Each week you will be given house duties, sweeping, cutting firewood, drawing water, grinding corn, or cooking, in addition to the three hours work on the Mission, and

the time you will spend in school. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir, we understand."

And so their first experience at school, their first experience of real discipline, commenced.

2
KANAMAKAMPANGA AT HOME

As I had expected, the new little recruit for the school from Mukapu was no ordinary child.

His home was in the southern lands, where the forest and the plains went down towards the great swamps. It was a country abounding in wild game of every sort. In the rainy season the great plains became flooded. Then the people, whose villages were built on the higher forested land, had often to travel in dug-out canoes, hollowed from great mahogany and other trees. These they used when they wished to visit one another, or to go to their distant gardens, where sorghum, millet, cassava, sweet-potatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, and other food-stuffs were grown. They took the opportunity of the floods to construct their weirs with fish traps, in which barbel, bream, and many other kinds of fish were caught. They faced the traps one way as the fish came up with the floods to feed among the swampy grasses, and the other way when the waters rushed back as the flood subsided. They were great fishermen, and usu-

Crossing the Upper Kafue – dry season (photo by Olive Doke)

ally earned money for tax, and for buying blankets, clothing, and other luxuries, by taking heavy bundles of dried fish to the nearest store on the railway line, a hundred miles away.

In the dry season, after the floods had subsided, the tall grass on the plains was the hiding place for numbers of animals; but when the grass had turned yellow, and dried in the winter winds, the great annual fires swept destructively across the land, with their mighty roar; and blackened and parched veld took the place of what was once a sheet of water. Then came the first showers of October, and instantly all was changed. Plains became green with new grass; and out from their forest retreats came the herds of big game: the huge eland, roan and sable antelope, buffalo, droves of hartebeest mingling with herds of zebra, each acting as a protection to the other from the crouching and stalking lion. Black waterbuck, puku, reedbuck, the graceful impala, and many other species, were to be seen in countless numbers. On the edge of the forest land were to be found many a duiker, and, further in, the bush buck; while far out on the plains were the occasional little oribi, so often giving the larger game warning of approaching danger.

The great river, which wound its way across the plain, its course marked by the tall trees on its banks, was the haunt of numbers of crocodiles; and, in its larger pools the great hippo, heavy lumbering creatures on land, disported themselves with unexpected ease.

It was in the village of headman Mukapu that Kanamakampanga was born. But that was not his first name. At his birth it had to be ascertained what ancestral spirit had returned to be reborn in him. His grandmother, his mother's mother, made the decision, after watching the child for some time. "It is the spirit of Chilenga, his great-grandfather, who has come back." So the baby was called Chilenga. Now the ancestral Chilenga was a renowned hunter, even renowned for elephant hunting; he was not merely called *mupalu,* hunter, but *nkombalume,* prince of hunters.

Little Chilenga grew up in the village, as all little boys and girls grow up, learning in their play to imitate their elders, getting up to mischief as often as possible, and receiving cuffs from the men and shrill scolding from the women, whenever they came where they were not wanted, or transgressed some tribal taboo. When big enough, Chilenga went off with his little boy friends to set traps for birds and mice. There was no herding to be done by these boys, as is the case in many African tribes. The country was infested with the tsetse fly, whose bit is fatal to the bigger cattle; so they knew nothing of cows and bulls and

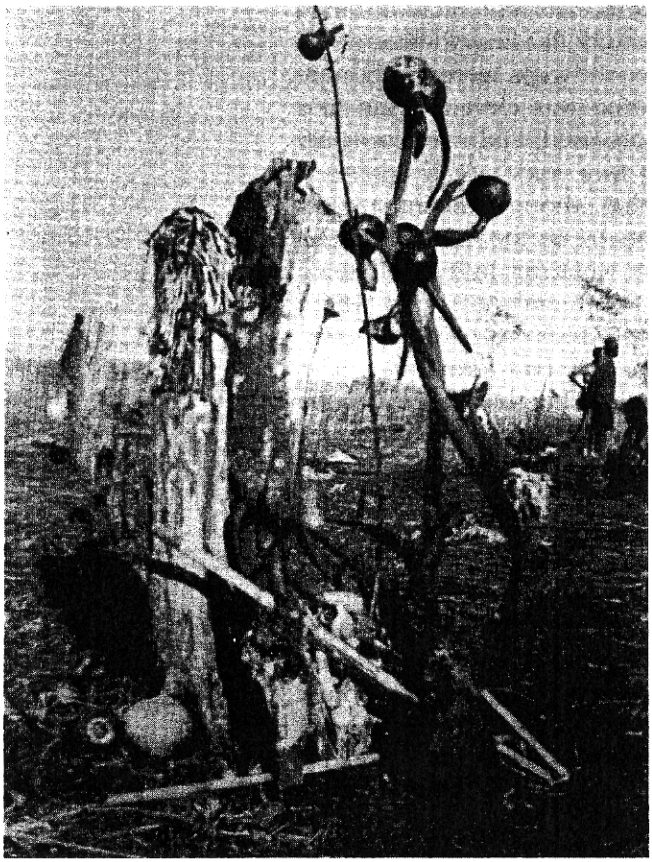
oxen. There were a few goats in the village, but they wandered about untended, finding their food where they could, for the village gardeners were far away. The boys were clever at setting traps. Sometimes it was a poised stone, beneath which a little corn was scattered, and the poor dove or finch, which disturbed the twigs supporting the weight, brought the heavy stone down upon itself, to its undoing. Sometimes the traps were much more intricate. A noose of home-made string was cleverly fixed in a runway, which mice or even cane-rats used; and many a dainty morsel was caught that way.

Now it was soon noticeable that, though Chilenga grew slowly and was small in build, he was by far the most successful of the boys at trapping. One day he went out by himself some distance from the village, and set a more ambitious trap with a rope noose, connected to a sapling, which he had bent over, bringing its head down to the ground. He had found an animal path with the recent footprints of buck. When he returned to the place at dawn the next day, it was to find a reedbuck caught by its neck and strangled. This was an animal far too big for him to carry, so Chilenga sped back to the village, to call his uncle Lumetuka to come and help him. Lumetuka was one of the best hunters among all the men in the group of villages in the country. When he saw what Chilenga by his wit, had caught, he was amazed; but he quickly realized that the little lad was a born hunter. Great was the excitement in the village, when Chilenga came back with his uncle, who had the reedbuck over his shoulders. The story was quickly known everywhere. There was a little jealousy on the part of some of his older companions; but they soon got over that.

From that time, Lumetuka made a point of taking Chilenga with him on his hunts. The boy carried his uncle's bow and arrows; Lumetuka carried spear, axe, and an old muzzle-loading gun. The boy soon learned all there was to be learned of veld lore: how to test the wind direction, by dropping fine sand from his raised hand; how to stalk in absolute silence, taking advantage of every tuft of tall grass, sometimes crawling on hands and knees at snail's pace, sometimes standing absolutely motionless, maybe with one leg raised, when the quarry was looked up suspiciously; how to recognise the droppings of the animals, and the different foot marks; how to tell at what time they had passed.

But this was not sufficient to make him a good hunter. When Chilenga was about ten years old, his uncle decided to treat him with the hunting charm, *ubwang bwanama*. This would make him a professional hunter. No one so young had

ever been treated in this way before. But the boy had proved himself fearless and outstanding. His uncle made a powerful "medicine" of certain pounded roots mixed with the crushed head of a tree-snake. He took the boy to the hunting shrine outside the village, where trophies of the chase, in the form of horns and tails of animals, are hung up in honour of Kaaluwe, the guardian spirit of the animals. Here too, around this shrine, is the hunting dance, called *chinsengwe,* observed with beer-drinking, to bring success when big hunts are organised. Chilenga gripped one of the poles of the shrine to steady himself; and the older hunter, taking a sharp blade, made three cuts between the boy's thumb and fore-finger, on the back of his right hand. He did the same on his upper right arm, and behind his right shoulder blade. Into each of these cuts he rubbed the powder he had prepared. It was a painful operation, and the powder caused severe smarting and aching of the wounds. But not a cry or tear from Chilenga. Was he not a man now? Was not this his initiation into the honoured profession of hunter? His uncle instructed him with the time honoured words, that the power of the charm should not be weakened: "Strike nothing, not even a dog, and cut no firewood today!"



A Twa shrine (icipanda) at Muûvala's village (photo by C.M. Doke) Each hunter usually has his own icipanda that he visits before going out to hunt. After a successful hunt, meat is divided in front of the icipanda.

On returning to the circle of huts, Lumetuka presented the boy to the headman and others who were there. "See," he said, "Chilenga is a proper hunter now; but he is no longer to be called Chilenga; he is Kanamakampanga, The Little Animal of the Veld." And that was how he got his name.

It was soon after this that two senior schoolboys from the distant Mission, of which the villagers had all heard, visited Mukapu's village. They were on tour during their school holidays, going from village to village holding services, and telling the Gospel message to the people round the big fires in each

village court-yard at night. They had books with them, from which they read and sang. The people were very interested; especially so were the boys. The girls were pushed to the background; they had to sit at one side with the women during the services; but the bigger boys sat with the men around their headman.

At Mukapu there was quite a number of boys; and the two schoolboys from the Mission paid special attention to them.

"What are those things?" said one lad, pointing to the books. "These are books," was the reply. "This one is God's Book; it tells us all about Him, and what He wants us to do. This other one tells us what words to sing."

"How can these things talk to you?" went on the questioner.

"Look, see these marks. They talk to us. If you would come to the Mission to school, you would learn how to listen to these books talking. And you would learn to make marks like these yourselves, so that you could send words far away."

"I can't believe that," said the other.

Then the one schoolboy said to them:"I'll send my companion right away over there to that distant tree. You will tell me what he must do. I will make marks on this piece of paper; and, if you take it to him, he will do what you want."

They all agreed to the test. The one boy went away to a tree a hundred yards away, and stood with his back to them.

"What must I tell him to do?" asked the other.

"Tell him to take off his jacket, put it on the ground, and then stand on one leg."

The boy took out a pencil and wrote the instruction on the paper. One of the lads ran with the paper to the other schoolboy. He read it, took off his jacket, put it on the ground, and then stood on one leg, laughing loudly.

The village boys were amazed. Their eyes were popping out of their heads. They could talk of nothing else for days after.

It took many months, however, before any of the boys could get permission from their parents and the headman to go to the school; but eventually they did. And so, on that day before the opening of a new term the next year, Katontoka, Meleki and Kanamakampanga found themselves enrolled as new scholars at the mission.

3
Kanamakampanga At School

The days passed quickly, and all the new boys – for there were many others besides the three from Mukapu – soon got used to the routine of the school. An early bell woke all the boys, who

just had time to cook and eat their breakfast of stiff sorghum porridge. Then the second bell summoned them to the Church for morning prayers. Then followed a line-up and roll-call outside the store, where garden tools and equipment for brick-making and other work were kept. The boys were all given various jobs they had to do for three hours each morning. Work finished, and small break; then all trooped into the Church building which served as school also; and they were taught reading, writing, arithmetic and Scripture.

At first everything was very strange. The constant repetition of syllables, as the strange letters were shown on the blackboard by the teacher, seemed meaningless. But, when one day, they realised that by putting these strange syllables together, they were able to recognise words, and then whole sentences, the riddle of writing and reading became clear to them. How excited they became! Now, not only did they struggle in class time to learn; but, in the evenings, by the flickering light of the fire in the hut, they worked hard to learn. Katandika, the senior in charge of their house – they were eight all told in a large hut – took a real interest in the progress of each one, and helped them every evening. He was one of the pupil teachers, teaching the beginners, and himself learning English, and other subjects, with the other senior boys.

But the really great time of the day at the mission school was four o'clock in the afternoon, when school was over, and the boys could do what they liked till the time of the evening meal after sunset. Of course one boy from each house would be on duty at that time, grinding the corn and preparing the meal for his fellows. Each boy had his duty in rotation a week at a time. The boy on firewood duty would generally bring sufficient on a Saturday to last most of the week; and the other duties, such as sweeping and drawing water, were very light. So boys would be found shouting and playing ball on the open playground. Some busy themselves in weaving sleeping-mats from palm leaves; some in mending their clothes, or cutting one another's hair.

But with Kanamakampanga this was the time to go hunting. Katandika had seen that he had his bow and arrows with him; and he advised him to take them to the missionary, and leave them in his car, for the schoolboys were not allowed to use such weapons. Rather sadly the boy handed them over. I said to him: "Kanamakampanga, I thought you were a hunter. I see you have been initiated." And I pointed to the tattoo marks. "But you are here to learn as much as possible. These weapons are dangerous. I see there is poison on some of the arrows. I will keep